THE PACIFIC

Pacific Theo Sem
Reading Room

A religious and family paper

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TRUE WORTH.

True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure—
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

—By Alice Cary.

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A Comparison.

"Give me the drink bill of the country and I can buy 300,000 farms of 100 acres at $40 per acre. Give me this money and I can purchase 1,000 beautiful homes at $1,000 each, and have $1,000,000 left. The Foreign Christian Missionary Society, since its organization twenty-six years ago, has received $1,829,055.31. It would not pay the liquor bill one day.—Lawrence Wright.

God can do great things with our lives if we but give them to Him in sincerity. He can make them useful, uplifting, heroic. God never wastes anything. God never forgets anything. God never loses anything. Though he holds the world in the hollow of his hand, he will remember each of us, and the part we are fitted to play in the eternal drama.—Anna Robertson Brown.

The man who waits to get wisdom until experience leads him to her by the hair of the head cuts a sorry figure in the practical affairs of life.

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A beautiful custom obtained anciently in the Eastern world. Two friends would cut a white stone into halves and, after polishing them well, inscribe each his name on one, then the two halves were exchanged. Each kept the white stone of the other as a token of friendship. It is possible that Jesus referred to this custom in his message to John. "To him that overcometh will I give a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth save him that receiveth it."

"For thirty-five years I have been priest and bishop in London, and I now approach my eightieth year, and have learned some lessons, and the first is this: The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating liquor. I know of no antagonist to that good Spirit more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink."—Cardinal Manning.

There is not any benefit so glorious in itself, but it may yet be exceedingly sweetened and improved by the manner of conferring it. The virtue I know rests in the intent; the profit in the judicious application of the matter; but the beauty and ornament of an obligation lies in the manner of it. —Seneca.

When you are misunderstood and misjudged by your fellowmen, then you may find comfort in the fact that God knows all about you.

THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, July 30, 1903

WHAT OF THE HARVEST?

"God bends from out the deep and says,
'I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundred fold?'
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, 'Father, here is gold?'"

For several years union church services have been very popular in Brooklyn, N. Y., for several weeks during the summer. Such services were inaugurated again the middle of this month and will be continued in certain districts into the early part of September. Prominent among those uniting are the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian and the Clinton Avenue Congregational; the South Congregational and the Westminster Presbyterian; the Church of the Pilgrims, the First and Second Presbyterian, and a neighboring Reformed church. In the Eastern district, where the union services will be continued up to and including Sunday, September 7th, the churches uniting are: The United Congregational, the Ross Street Presbyterian, the First and Central Baptists, the Free Baptist, the First Reformed and the St. John's Methodist Episcopal. In addition to the Sunday services, both morning and evening, the churches last-named will hold a Friday evening union meeting for one hour each week. It is gratifying to learn of the arrangements in that great Eastern city. How much better than to close the churches or to have the small congregations that many have during the hot months! "We are brethren." It will bring all persons having membership in those churches into more brotherly relations, into a better co-operation for the upbuilding of the kingdom. And it is something which will commend itself to the business sense of a large number of thoughtful people who see in a closer union among the churches the promise of better and more effective service in combatting the evils which threaten society and government as they have, perhaps, never before been threatened. From the comments which we see from time to time in the secular papers we are convinced that the feeling is not only widely prevalent, but is growing rapidly, that the wasting of valuable means and energies by so many denominational divisions and by the lack of co-operation must come to an end if the church is to do the work God has called it to do. Men everywhere are demanding business methods in church work as well as elsewhere. And if such methods fail of introduction they will after a time cease to put their money there. Just this week we noticed in Leslie's Weekly the following editorial comment on the union and federation movements: "Nothing so gratifying and so promising for the future has occurred in the realm of church life and work during the present year as the various movements set on foot for a reunion among the separated branches of several denominations, and also for a larger degree of unity and co-operation among the churches generally, irrespective of denominational lines." The call is not so much for organic union, which not a few persons regard as impracticable, as it is for federation and co-operation. Towns and cities are not properly churched generally, and they never will be under the existing competitive method.

All honor to President Roosevelt for his manly and courageous utterance in regard to discrimination in the Government printing office against non-union men. "There is no objection," says the President, "to the employes of the Government printing office constituting themselves into a body if they desire to do so, but no rules or resolutions of that union can be permitted to override the laws of the United States, which it is my sworn duty to enforce." Another person of prominence who has had the courage to declare himself recently in regard to the aggressions of some of the labor unions is Judge Gray of Delaware. On the 4th of July he spoke at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, in a community where labor unions are exceedingly strong; but he did not hesitate to point out the grave danger which confronts the nation because of the disregard of certain principles of the Constitution. He reminded his hearers that individual liberty can endure only as it lives in the characters of the people; and that it was individual liberty and not the liberty of corporation or association or union, which was guaranteed in Federal and State constitutions. This individual liberty he said further means "the right to one's home, the right to go and come, the right to work or not to work and the right to be exempt from interference by others in the enjoyment of those rights; the right to be exempt from the tyranny of one man, or of a few men or of many men; the right so to live that no man or association of men shall work his or her will upon us against our consent." Nevertheless he did not fail to recognize the good that has come through labor unions, and he saw for them in the future large opportunities and beneficent results in the industrial world. Judge Gray is one of the men somewhat widely talked of for the next Democratic nomination for the Presidency. And it

is a good indication that he has the respect and good will of a large number of the members of the labor unions. It is to be hoped that such sentiments as have been expressed by him will have wide acceptance and that interference with individual liberty through picketing and boycotting and all forms of intimidation will ere long be a thing unknown in the United States.

After writing the preceding editorial note there came to our attention the decision of Judge Beatty in the United States Circuit Court this week, continuing an injunction restraining unions from interfering with the employes of the Gulf Bag Company of this city. In his decision Judge Beatty says: "All laboring people fully understand that whenever they please and for any cause they have the right to quit work. Whether as individuals or as organizations they must also understand that all men whether associated with them or not have equal rights with them in the labor world. The right to labor or to cease from it must be as free to all as it is for water to seek its level. This Government is one of liberty under the law and its people are free men. Neither will it tolerate the attempt of any to enforce assumed rights by crushing the inalienable rights of others. Until all recognize and obey this law the contest must and will go on." Judge Beatty spoke plainly concerning the boycott in the following words: "Whenever any organization, in either labor or business, attempts by concentrated efforts to disparage the goods or business of any one; or, in other words boycott said goods, it acts in violation of the law." We believe that the better judgment of the people is about to assert itself and that everywhere such principles as are enunciated in this and in the previous editorial note are to prevail. Anything else means anarchy ultimately; and neither employer nor employe wants that.

Busy World Notes.

It is to be hoped that the Southern Pacific will inaugurate soon its change in time between this city and Portland, shortening it by ten or twelve hours. Among those who will appreciate it will be our Washington readers, who will then receive the paper on Saturday, although it may not be mailed until Thursday.

The indications are that the world's fair at St. Louis next year will excel anything of the kind ever held in this country. It commemorates a great national event, the purchase of the Louisiana country, which opened up the way for the extension of our domain to the Pacific ocean and later on across to the remote islands of that great sea. That momentous purchase is worthy a great celebration.

For its salmon alone Alaska is worth to the United States more than Secretary Seward paid for it forty years ago. Last year salmon worth $8,000,000 were shipped from Alaskan ports. The purchase price for the country was only $7,200,000. Oil has been discovered recently, and it will turn out as it has with all our acquired territory that that which was at first regarded as the most valuable product will rank among those of lesser value.

The California Promotion Committee has issued a handsome book of 192 pages, which is entitled "California Today." It is beautifully illustrated and contains in concise form a large amount of information concerning San Francisco and the entire State. Nearly thirty ing San Francisco and the entire State. Nearly forty the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, the mountain, the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, the mountains, the north and south coast counties, and to the territory south of the Tehachapi. It will be found an excellent book to send to Eastern friends.

A gentleman who is considered widely a good judge of such matters predicts for Berkeley a population of 40,000 by the time ten years more shall have rolled around. By that time it is to be hoped that Berkeley, Oakland, Alameda, and other smaller places will be united into one city and that we shall also begin to see as not very far distant the day when, with a tunnel under the bay, all the cities about the Golden Gate will be united in one great municipality. Then, when Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley people travel they will not be so greatly tempted to register from San Francisco. But that aside, such a union would give California a city which would rank well up among the great cities of the world, and that is something not to be sneezed at.

There are thousands of persons who are hoping that the rumor that the Southern Pacific railroad company contemplates a reduction in commutation tickets between this city and the cities across the bay will prove soon to be more than a rumor. Such a reduction—to $1.50 a month—would benefit not only the individual commuter, but it would result in the rapid upbuilding of the cities on the other side and would ultimately be financially beneficial to the railroad company. And this seems the best way for the Southern Pacific to make up the loss which it will begin to sustain soon by the operation of the new ferry system, which will have an advantage in that it can, by street-car transfer, land a large number of the people almost at the doors of their homes.

A company has been organized at Elkhart, Indiana, for the manufacture of a fuel as a substitute for both hard and soft coal. The compound is said to be the invention of a German who has spent much time in the study of chemistry and in experiments. The basis of the compound is any kind of adhesive earth; but there is secrecy as to the chemicals which are used. The manufactured article will be protected by patent. It is said that a ton of it, which can be sold at a profit for $3.50 will furnish twice as much heat as a ton of hard coal. That to take the place of soft coal can be furnished at a lower figure. The article can be manufactured anywhere; and it is the announced intention of the company to build plants all over the country so that the product can be placed for the consumer at a price which will make its use very desirable. We do not know that time will show that this "chemi-coal" is what the interested persons claim for it; but we are confident that there will be found or invented in a few decades some product which will take the place of wood and coal and oil for fuel. It will be needed, and the need will bring it.

About fifteen years ago a judge in Chicago was attracted toward a Negro bootblack who quoted Shakespeare while blacking his boots. He offered him five dollars if he would learn the ghost scene in Hamlet and come to his office and recite it. The boy consented quickly, and when, a little later, he repaired to the judge's office he found it well-filled with persons who were anticipating some amusement at his expense. But he recited the passage in such a manner as to astonish them. The judge resolved to undertake the

boy's education. Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the great friend of educational institutions, and Dr. Gunsaulus, the noted pulpit orator, became interested in the youth later, and he was sent to Beloit College. In 1895 he represented his college at the inter-state oratorical contest at Galesburg, Illinois, and won second honors—one of the judges, William J. Bryan, marking him one hundred per cent. When the Greek department of Beloit College presented Oedipus in Sophocles' tragedy in Central Music hall in Chicago, this colored young man appeared as Oedipus. After graduating in 1895 he entered Chicago Theological Seminary, finshing the course of study in that institution in 1898, going thence to a position in Tuskegee Institute under Booker T. Washington. In 1901 he was chosen for a scholarship in Columbia University, New York, from which institution he received this year the degree of bachelor of arts. He returns to Tuskegee, where he will be at the head of the English department. Such is the evolution of Charles Winter Wood, a negro bootblack only fifteen years ago. But he is only one of many of his race who have shown high capabilities. Judge Blume's original five-dollar investment was a good one.

As yet San Francisco has no automatic restaurant, but doubtless one will be started ere long, inasmuch as we have almost everything else under the sun. New York and Philadelphia have them, and one is to be opened in Chicago. Their adoption in general would do away with the waiters' strikes, for there are in them no waiters in the usually accepted sense of that word. The equipment is with machines which dispense hot foods by means of coins and checks, and cold food by coins alone. The system is described as follows by the Scientific American: "The restaurant comprises two floors, or rather a floor and a basement. On the upper floor the patrons purchase what they desire; in the basement the food is cooked or otherwise prepared and lifted to the floor above by means of elevators. The operation of the elevators may best be explained by describing the process of purchasing food. The bill of fare is printed upon a board in which the slots are located. Each slot bears a reference letter. Opposite slot A a small placard is pasted which gives the name of the particular dish to be purchased by dropping a coin in that slot. Similar legends are pasted upon the placards pasted opposite slots B, C, D, etc. After the desired dish has been selected a coin of the proper denomination is dropped into the corresponding slot. A handle is pulled, which rings a bell in the basement, and signals the attendants. Simultaneously a brass check is delivered. The coin has dropped down a chute, which lies adjacent to the elevator and is held in place at the bottom by a retaining device. By counting the number of coins as they lie side by side above the retaining device the attendants know exactly how many dishes of that particular food are wanted. As each dish is served the retaining device is released, so that a coin drops into a receptacle, leaving behind a number of coins corresponding to the number of dishes still to be served. Cold foods, such as salads and deserts, are placed upon the elevators of another section and raised to the purchasing floor in full view, protected, of course, by glass partitions. In order to purchase what one desires it is necessary simply to drop a coin in the slot and pull a handle. The elevator then descends one step so that the particular salad or desert can be withdrawn from the discharge opening just as in the previous case. No checks are here used, since the dishes are cold and the attendants below need not be informed of the particular kind of food desired." It is said that spurious coins or coins of improper value fail to operate the mechanism.

The Bystander.

"What Is Christianity?"

The lectures delivered in the University of Berlin during the winter-term of 1899-1900, by Prof. Adolf Harnack, and translated into English by Thomas Bailey Saunders, have attracted wide attention. They were spoken extemporaneously, with no thought that they would ever appear in permanent form. They have been widely read and commented upon because of their intellectual strength, theological sincerity and spiritual insight.

Prof. Harnack believes that people take more interest today in this question of Christianity than they did thirty years ago. He believes the quest is after an authoritative religion.

In answering the question, "What is Christianity?" Prof. Harnack excludes the apologist and philosopher and employs the methods of historical science and Christian experience. He declares that the Christian religion means one thing only, "Eternal life in the midst of time, by the strength and under the eyes of God. It is to man that religion pertains, to man, as one who in the midst of all change and progress himself never changes." One of the important chapters in the book is that on Roman Catholicism, a subject treated with singular fairness by a German. Prof. Harnack says that the Roman Catholic church is the Roman Empire in religious dress, and the Pope in the church is simply the continuation of Caesar in the State.

Here is his definition of Protestantism:

"Protestantism reckons upon the gospel being something so simple, so divine, and therefore so truly human as to be most certain of being understood when it is left entirely free, and also as to produce essentially the same experiences and convictions in individual souls."

The Life Within.

Christian thought is not only seeking the spiritual consciousness for its authority, but it is knocking at the life within for its vision and its inspiration. The books now being read by Christian people have to do with the inner life rather than the external evidence.

The preachers who are reaching the people draw their sermons from the deeper testimony of the soul. At last the soul counts for more than the book or the institution. The Bystander has been reflecting upon this tendency in religious life, and is convinced that it is more than ever impossible to rule out the evidence of the soul in finding an authority in religion.

It is a good thing for us to practice the fact that "the kingdom of God is within us." We have been preaching on this passage for a long time, and gradually the people are beginning to practice it and apply it to their daily lives. What is the matter with the world? Most of us must confess to the habit of seeking our happiness on the outside. Only rare, strong people find their happiness within. The external world is full of transient power, and it is this that captivates the passing throng.

We all, like St. Catherine, have a secret oratory within our own breasts to which we go and find rest unto our souls. There are lives like the chimes on the Antwerp Cathedral, which ring every hour regardless

of the weather—in the storm's thunder and evening calm—but these lives are comparatively few. We must all learn the chief lesson in Christianity, viz.: to lay up our treasure in the permanent and to cultivate a right spirit within. Sad, indeed, are the people who depend upon their happiness upon the changing outside world, upon human friendship, governments, health, weather, and environment. Self-control, personal mastery, power, and majesty reign in the life whose government is set up in an impregnable heart whose fires are ligted at the holy altar of the inner life. Says Henley:

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul."

Some Sermons.

The Bystander has never cared very much about printed sermons, though he has read over and over the sermons of Robertson, Brooks and Beecher. For the most part it is impossible to print personality, which is the chief thing in preaching. Occasionally the printing press does catch a few elements of power in the preacher which may be seen between the lines of the published sermon. This is true, for example, in the sermons of Prof. Park, which remind one of a group of sequoias, which have stood for ages. Young preachers of today should read these sermons as examples of the older style of preaching. It is safe to say that no such discourses are heard in the American pulpit today. Dr. George Gordon says that the sermon on "The Theology of the Intellect" is the greatest product of the American pulpit.

Prof. Park was distinguished by a giant intellect, lacking that element of poetry which others with smaller minds possessed. It is a fact that we no longer try to produce elaborate sermons, either in thought or expression. Style is passing away among speakers and writers. The rage for simplicity is destroying the grand style of the former days. Sermons no longer have tailor-made clothes, their shoes shined and their neck ties just right. Some sermons come before us dressed very much like barbarians.

There is being cultivated a neglige style of expression. Beauty is being ruled out of books, pictures and sermons. It is looked upon as unnecessary, but God keeps it in nature as fresh and as splendid as ever. Let us not entirely omit the homiletics of Prof. Park in the making of our sermons.

AS ANOTHER SEES US.

[The Rev. R. J. Campbell, the successor of Dr. Parker in the City Temple, London, arrived in New York, the latter part of June. His first letter to The British Weekly was written on June 26th. It gives in an interesting manner his first impressions of persons and things in this country. We reproduce it here. Mr. Campbell was the great attraction at the Christian Endeavor Convention at Denver; and wherever he has spoken large crowds have listened eagerly. When he spoke in the Third Presbyterian church of Chicago the large auditorium was densely crowded and fully as many as obtained entrance were turned away at the doors.—Editor.]

We arrived in New York a week ago, after an excellent voyage in the "Campania," and since the moment of landing one experience has followed another with an unaccustomed swiftness. I seem to have been in America a long time, and find it somewhat difficult to realize that I have only been on this continent about as long as I was on the water coming over. The American people are hospitable in the extreme, and take care that their visitors do not suffer from ennui. I have already spoken and preached in Plymouth church, Dr. Amory Bradford's church in Montclair, Dr. Ludlow's church in East Orange, and last night in Boston. Besides this I have attended receptions, dinners and luncheons innumerable, as well as large gatherings of ministers; so that I have become somewhat familiar with one phase of American life, at any rate.

American audiences are very friendly and responsive, and seem to look upon it as the proper thing that every man, woman and child present at a religious service should shake hands with the preacher afterwards. It was to me an interesting and memorable experience to stand in Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit, and to have the opportunity of meeting and knowing so many of his old friends and followers. We were glad to discover that the traditions of the church are so well maintained under the leadership of Dr. Hillis. Plymouth church preserves its reputation for friendliness, brotherly kindness and high enthusiasm.

No visitor to this country can fail to be struck with the spirit of buoyant optimism which prevails everywhere, together with a serene confidence and independence of character. This is at times even startling. The mono-syllable "Sir" is not in over-frequent use as a mode of address. The newspaper man is ubiquitous, a sort of good-humored mosquito who is not to be put off by trifles. "Say, mister," said one of them, when I had been on the New York landing stage about two minutes, "What do you think of this city?" "Well," I replied humbly, "I hope there is more of it!" Coming home in a trolley car a few days afterwards, I happened to see in large capital letters in a newspaper held in the hands of a vis-a-vis, the announcement: "Dr. Campbell, the English preacher, says he would have liked to have had a hand in the negro lynching." (Every other minister here appears to be a D.D.) I thought this was going it rather strong, but none of my hosts seemed to mind, so I remained passive. Probably by this time some enterprising journalist will have credited me with being the actual author of the outrage. Sensational journalism has reached an enormous development; but, on the other hand, the best newspapers are conducted with an ability and literary mastery equal to the best that England could produce.

In educational matters the public here seem to be greatly interested, and in a direction which augurs well for the future of this great country. Every one wants to know something about our educational struggle in England, and the reason for it. Surprise is freely expressed that ecclesiastical pretensions should have any political seriousness. Questioned in a ministers' meeting, I tried to give a reason for passive resistance. When I had stated the case to the best of my ability, the chairman repeated my words in the form of a question: "Do you mean to say," he asked, "that under your new Act Non-conformists are expected to pay for the teaching of episcopacy?" "Yes," I replied. "And that the public has to pay the whole cost of the maintenance of schools over which they have no effective control?" "Yes." "Well, then," he said, "I should think it was a case for active rather than passive resistance," and the meeting cheered the sentiment. It is somewhat instructive to realize, as I have done today, in a visit to Harvard University, that the two greatest educational institutions in this country, corresponding to Oxford and Cambridge, are not only without ecclesiastical

dominance of any kind, but were founded by Independents. The prevailing religious influence is Evangelical, not only in Yale, but even in Harvard, which latter had Unitarian traditions. The enthusiasm for higher education is very marked. There are 4,500 students in Harvard alone—that is, half as many again as in Oxford. There is also something like a renaissance going on in the art world. Lectures on art draw large audiences, a feat which would be difficult in England. There is an absorbing interest in the best European masters and their work, such as a visitor would hardly expect to find. In conversation with Dr. Peabody, Dean of the Theological Faculty in Harvard University, as well as Prof. James, well known in British psychological circles, I learned that in America there is a rising intellectual and spiritual protest against the prevailing materialism which has so long dominated commerce and politics. Should this estimate prove true, the next generation will see great things.

In religion the tendencies are very much the same as at home, but more plainly marked. There is the same wistful longing for spiritual quickening, side by side with the same aloofness from public worship, especially on the part of the male sex. Sensationalism prevails perhaps more largely than with us. Endeavors are made to attract congregations by the publication of subjects, often amusingly worded. This practice is deprecated by the best churches, and is avoided by the leaders of the pulpit. There is not the same close union between the various evangelical denominations which we have realized at home. If we except the "Outlook," there is no inter-denominational periodical of influence, and the only religious newspapers are strictly sectarian in their aim and purpose. There seems to be no organ like The British Weekly or the Christian World. The Church Federation, as it is called, is doing good work, but differs from our own Free Church Council in that it is not limited to evangelical denominations only; and has a social rather than a spiritual basis for common action. Perhaps in these things our American cousins have something to learn from us, just as in many other things we have much to learn from them.

R. J. Campbell.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

A Notable Village.

The springs which have most helped the development of the beautiful village, Clifton Springs, N. Y., are those which God set flowing in Doctor Foster's heart. He was a good Methodist and a glorious Christian. It was an inspiration to see the Christian sanitarium crowded with serene and happy people. The love and care of devoted doctors and nurses is reflected in their guests, mutual interest and courtesy. To study it a few hours with a sympathetic guide and friend from California, was a veritable sun bath of gladness. Bile and pessimism must give out in a course of treatment there. Dr. Roy's long life service and his protracted arrays of anniversaries are explicable. He has been a Clifton Springs habitue. That significant and sensible arrangement by which sagacious Dr. Foster made the Home Secretaries of the various Missionary Boards the trustees of his noble institution insures a wide unsectarian interest in it. Why should "sky pilots" guiding souls to a land where the inhabitants are never sick be anxious to segregate them in denominational sanitariums here?

Missionaries get together on foreign fields. Their growing fellowship in sanitation at Clifton leads up to the inspiring annual missionary convocation. That in turn is prophetic of their eternal companionship and joy. Venerable Dr. North in the "Annex" has a whole south window full of flowers. His heart is a veritable "South-Haven" of Yale memories. While his patients crack his walnuts he cracks jokes. Don't dream you can compete with him in college yarns, for he goes back to the class of 1840. If your spirits are drooping pack your grip for the Mecca where melancholy is exorcised. If Clifton be too large get under genial Dr. Fisher's wing at Elmira. He is a whole faculty of wisdom and of sympathy. Mark Twain frequents "Water Cure Hill." He has wit. If he would study one missionary convocation at Clifton he would be a wise man and make a manly apology to missionary ament of China.

Railroad Travelers Indebtedness to Missions.

I mean what I say and what I write. The sneers of travelers at missions at home and abroad, are ignorant, cowardly and cruel. Cull out from the porters, cooks, chef, dragomen, housekeepers, the servants who have learned the alphabet of courtesy and kindness in Christians schools, and the pathway of travel would everywhere be increasingly thorny. To illustrate. That courteous porter on the Central Pacific from San Francisco to Chicago had been at Oberlin when President Frost was professor there. He loved him. The elegant head-waiter at the crowded Hygeia Hotel learned to instruct and inspire his army of assistants under General Armstrong at Hampton. Booker Washington testified at San Jose to Miss Washburn's influence over him. Joseph Shaar, the handsome Syrian drago man, who loved to show Christ's land to visitors, learned his Bible at Beyrout College. (Can any traveler who may read these lines give me late word of this interesting man? I long to fulfill a promise made him.)

Writing on the "Sunset Route" I notice as I get gladly back to California that Mexicans have not learned to bring in milk, fruit and curios on the long and interesting ride from New Orleans to Los Angeles. These quaint Yuma Indians do not speak unless you ask to buy their beads and pottery and blankets. I miss Shast's cool summit and the sparkling Shasta springs. My traveled seat-mate says how good it would be to see the old cider man of Ashland and the Oregon apple boys. The liveliest company in the car is the pleasant porter, who has been fifteen years with the Southern Pacific company. His talk is as sparkling as his ginger soda. He has studied at Oberlin. He loved President Fairchild. He lets his tiny kettle boil over in his magical little box kitchen while he tells me with pardonable exaggeration how President Finney's famous prayer, in time of drouth at Oberlin, made rain water stand a foot deep in the streets of Oberlin. Water did stand on the sidewalks, for my feet splashed in it. I heard that wonderful prayer. If you want life's sweet things, get Christian hearts open to you wherever you go. Pity infidels and cynics. Pity false Swamies, too, who only got their graceful English from Christian schools that they might come and delude credulous liberals with false stories about their teachers. Believe me these Southern Indians are plutocrats in garments and in coin compared with millions of wretched heathen priests. I know. What can heathen be if yet a degree below their priests? When you come the Southern way to our sunny California, which never seemed so beautiful in its flooding

sunshine as I write this line this morning almost in sight of home, you can learn some life secrets from humble and happy railway porters. They see a real and true side of life in our advancing and prospering South. Life is not all with the Four Hundred. Nor in the palace car. Save for the "personally conducted" trip to Kentucky, the best railroad ride of a memorable journey was with a fine contingent of the great middle American class in a democratic Central Pacific tourist car.

The dining car and buffet car refreshed but did not dominate typical American tourists. Lunch baskets were opened and shared together camp fashion. Friendships were made and life stories gathered. The charm of such a railroad ride is that story is followed by song, as it was on that memorable singing jubilee returning from Seattle and the traveler pillows his head in his comfortable berth, feeling that some of God's earthly angels have bidden him "good night."

To My Friends About to Call a New Pastor.

The temptation is great to look for a star preacher. A drawing man. One who will fill the pews and the plates and make financiering easy. Remember, beloved Talmages come high and their work does not always abide. It's awfully risky bringing men with great Eastern reputations to the West. You might strain a big salary for a year, but years follow fast and the sermon barrel might run low. Instead of trying to throw a great load off your shoulders, why not try to develop some young, worthy, aspiring preacher.

There are some such East and West—men who have wrought well for years in first parishes and are nobly ready for increased responsibility. They have beautiful families and can earn the money to educate them. You want your teacher-daughter and your lawyer-son to rise in their professions. Why not have a hand in putting forward some noble young preacher to the place he deserves? It is the day for young men. God bless them! God bless you finding one of the best. How gladly the loving brotherhood, who pray for your success, will welcome the man of God who is your choice.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT LYING.

A. S. Fiske, D.D.

It is not right to lie. It is not decent to be a liar, to your fellow, to yourself or to God. Nor is it safe. No man is better than his word. If he will not keep his word he is wholly unworthy. If his pledge is good for nothing he is good for naught. Have done with him. He is an evil contagion. Chosen fellowship with him stamps with suspicion of like unworth. "Birds of a feather." An honest man's word is as sacred as his life. An honorable man's promise is as good as his bond. His pledge is strong as an oath with hand uplifted. A man of integrity is a rock on whom you may build with eternal security. On him you may stake your fortunes and life itself without risk. He who promises and does not perform; who says he will be there and does not come; who pledges himself to do this or that till you depend on him in vain; is a liar to be despised and avoided. In little things he is a nuisance, in larger things a criminal.

The first thing to teach a child is: Let every statement of yours be true. If you saw ten blackbirds on a fence say ten and not a hundred. If you promise to do you couldn't. Stick to the truth even if it costs you puna thing, big or little, do it or give a square reason why ishment. All the world over and all life through let people rely on you. Never give anybody reason to expect of you more than you will do. All this is simple as sunlight, is more honest.

There is nothing transcendental about it, nothing too high and far for any one's attainment. It is the law for honest business, decent politics, for reputable society, for ordinary honorable life. Yet—Yet—see how life goes. This rugged honesty! The boy squirms out of it. The girl evades it. So, of course, later, the man and woman do the like and there is sham, pretense, hypocrisy, everywhere, and life goes hollow and character a wreck and destiny lurid; for every character or wreck of it finds at the long last its very "own place"—the place it is fit for.

Now when we come to the very highest, most momentous motive of human concern—the spiritual, religious, Christian things—honesty yet! Why not? Of course! Rigid absolute honesty. Yet—Yet! Honesty? Nothing affirmed but what is true, real; nothing promised that shall not be performed; nothing pledged, covenanted that I may be a covenant-breaker, and so go out of all of the kingdom of God. Up here we may have got into the realm of the most momentous soul's affairs with God for the eternities. Everything here touches essential quality. So, destiny. These regions are pervaded by the clear vision of God himself. Shams, pretenses are vain. The clear eye-sight of omniscience penetrates the most secret places, the very hidden springs of action. Pretense, here, is blundering effrontery—mocking insult to the All-Seeing-One. Think of a man bowing before God to say, "I surrender to thee my body and soul and spirit for time and eternity," when he does not do it, and knows that God knows that he knows that he is not doing it! Many such a mocking of insincere surrender has been offered him. Every soul that has gone through that awful form of surrender has also said, "I give to thee my time, my powers, my estate, all is at thy disposal," and the all-knowing God knew that nothing of the sort was done, that the man would rise from his knees and go out and use his time, his powers and his estate practically at his own pleasure as before; and after time proves to men only God knew, then, of the emptiness of that awful form of dedication. His time is still empty of spiritual activities; Christian service still lacks the devotion of his powers, and the great needs of His kingdom still cry in vain for the promised dedication of his estate. The All-Seeing-One knew from the first that such would be the fact.

From that dread form of surrender—so little more than form—this man rose up and went out as if he had made a contract with the Eternal on which he was entitled to the priceless reward of the forgiveness of his sins, the renewal of his heart and the impartation of eternal life through Christ; went out assuming his right to place, comfort, joy and to a place at God's right hand in heaven forever more. Yet his compact has never in a single particular been fulfilled! He is holding God and Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit to their side of a contract which on his side is empty of honest discharge. What wild presumption is this!

Then this man goes forward to announce and publicly repeat the terms of that secret compact before the altars of God in his house on his Holy Day amid all the solemnities of sacred worship, he reavows that dedication of himself with all that he has and is and all he hopes to have and be to God and His service and his church forever. To impress the terrible solemnity of

that dedication and put it into the sanctity of the most tremendous oath, he takes to seal it the sacramental body and blood of our great Redeemer. Yet after all this he fulfills his compact in no single particular, nor seems to think himself under any serious obligation to do it. He esteems himself to have right to claim all the blessings, joys and holy hopes of the Christian's faith, to which only the careful fulfillment of his vows could entitle him. Is it not strange? Is it not terrible presumptious effrontery?

Oh yes, I know—blessed be God! That this whole momentous transaction of formal surrender of the whole being and life has been made a valid compact in happy millions of cases in our own time and in all time, honestly, genuinely and sincerely; that it has carried body and soul and estate, time, powers and life into the holy service it avowed and has so entitled and surrendered life to all riches of grace and glory. I know, too, that even these truly consecrated lives have been imperfect, but the consecration was and is honestly intended, sincerely made, and is authenticated by a constant striving to fulfill its obligations, a striving which in spite of all temptations, besetments and frailness, is reaching an ever-increasing measure of holy success and joy, and is building the genuine character ever more and more sweetly, swiftly and completed into the likeness of Christ. These blest multitudes only emphasize the more striking the contrast with the empty forms of the sacred compact, which neither did nor do carry any genuine surrender, nor lead to any real spiritual discharge of any of the great particulars of the solemn "league and covenant" with God. To vow to God and not to pray; to promise your Christ and not fulfill the promise; to covenant with him for service with reward of eternal life; then break the covenant and expect the life, can be but the way of disastrous delirium.

It is not wise or safe to lie to the Holy Ghost, to risk all in spiritual things on a less sturdy honesty than one would dare use in the world's business affairs. Honesty, honor and scrupulous fulfillment of pledges, compacts, covenants with God and his church and fellow Christians in the great affairs of our own and the world's salvation are absolutely essential to any well grounded hope of eternal life. Spiritual life and its rewards, conditioned on a compact of entire dedication of all to God and his service cannot be won but by honest, actual, determined fulfillment of the compact. All of which ought to commend itself to the common sense of mankind, and certainly to every Christian conscience. More than any other thing whatever we need today a revival of a sense of the reality and sacredness of our covenants with Christ and his church, of spiritual honesty, sincerity in our vows. Genuine integrity in our Christian lives! Without these nothing in Christian character has any validity and nothing in destiny any hope.

Washington, D. C.

THE FLORA OF THE SEA.

W. A. Tenney.

During the summer months many persons from the interior seek rest and recreation by the seaside. After a few days strolling along the beach, surf bathing and watching the steady roll of the waves, to an active temperament becomes monotonous. There is a craving for some new diversion. Let none overlook the curious plants which have spent all their lives under the ocean, some of them in depths no human eye can penetrate. The delicate structure and elegant tinting is not surpassed by any land flowers. Other varieties are found in tide pools in the rock near the margin of the lowest tides. The water never leaves the pools. Standing on the rim of rock one may view the widespread fronds of a bright red, unique in beauty, swaying back and forth in the tide ripples.

"There with its waving glade of green
The seaweed streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of dulse is seen
To blush like banners bathed in slaughter."

The perfect fruits of the tide pool cannot be harvested except at the expense of wet feet. The plants in the deep sea thrive in secret inclosures which no human being can enter.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

These deep-sea mosses of exquisite fiber and hue are in some way detached from their native habitat, and are carried ashore by the tides. The piles of seawrech freshly landed on the beach can be sorted with the prospect of finding hid treasures. The choicest mosses are apiphitic or parasites on coarser weeds. A careful inspection of the air vessels and lateral branches of the dark green weeds will bring to view specimens of great interest, often unbroken and unfaded.

The new and full moon tides are most likely to spread on the beach these deep-sea treasures.

The collector should examine his finds at the margin of the water. Let them float out to show their structure. Save only the most perfect forms and what are unbroken. Throw away all surplus attachments.

If the tourist has not the conveniences for floating on paper and arranging in a herbarium what he finds, he can dip the moss in the sea water and roll it in dry sand. The salt preserves from decay and fading, and the sand prevents the fibers from getting glued together. Thus prepared the specimens can be hung on cords in the shade for two days; then it may be packed away for weeks or years, to be pressed at leisure. At any time if placed in water with a little salt added it will soak out in half an hour fresh and supple as when gathered from the surf.

How to Float and Press.

When the amateur is ready to place his moss on paper, whether by the seaside or after the dried material has been restored to its normal condition, one process is essential; rinse in a pan of clean fresh water and prune. Next remove a single piece to a table platter filled with clean water. (The water should be changed for each specimen.) Insert a paper or cardboard under the moss and carefully separate all the fibers and spread out you picture. The instrument best adapted to this use is a shoemaker's sewing-awl. The curve is of great convenience. When the moss is in the best position the paper may be gently raised from the water. Should any branch need rearranging a few drops of water from a sponge may be located on the spot, and the change be made without materially disturbing the whole plant. The paper should be placed on an inclining board till the water runs off, remaining fifteen minutes; then it is ready for the press.

Something in the style of the botanists' drying-press is the best arrangement. Use a thin board 12x18 inches for the bottom. Place in this a sheet of botanists' drying-paper, which is a coarse, spongy felt paper, with a large capacity for absorbing mois-

ture. It is thick as pasteboard, and comes 12x18 inches. On this dryer sheet arrange the papers of floated moss; and over the moss spread a piece of muslin. (The old cloth is best.)

The plant will not stick to the cloth. Repeat the same order, dryer, paper, cloth, till the floats are all in the pack. On top of all lay a board like the bottom and subject the whole to a pressure of twenty-five pounds—bricks, rocks or blocks of wood. After twenty-four hours the plants should be transferred to fresh dryer for two days, then the pictures are ready for the album or herbarium.

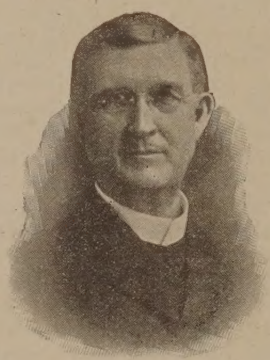
Strange to say the literature on the marine Algae of California is very scant. No complete work on the subject has yet been published. The University Press has recently published a volume by Professor Setchel on the Algie of the Northwest coast, from Oregon to the north of Alaska, but that does not include California Algae.

It is surprising that the first person to become interested in American sea flora was Archibald Menzies, a Scotch tourist, who singularly made his few collections on the Pacific Coast about a hundred years ago. The first publication in American algae was issued in 1850 by Professor W. H. Harvey, an Irish botanist. The "Nereis Boreali Americana" was completed in 1857. The work was so costly and so extremely technical as to be inaccessible to all except the wealthy and professional botanist. It was not till 1880 that anything else was published that would aid the American collector.

The strangest thing of all in connection with these slighted plants is the fact that with half a dozen exceptions they have received no common names. "Rockweed, kelp, dulse, Irish moss" and perhaps one or two more are all the common people have taken pains to christen. Nearly all the names attached thus far have been furnished by scientific scholars, and are strictly technical. This can be said of no other branch of science.

FIRST CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES.

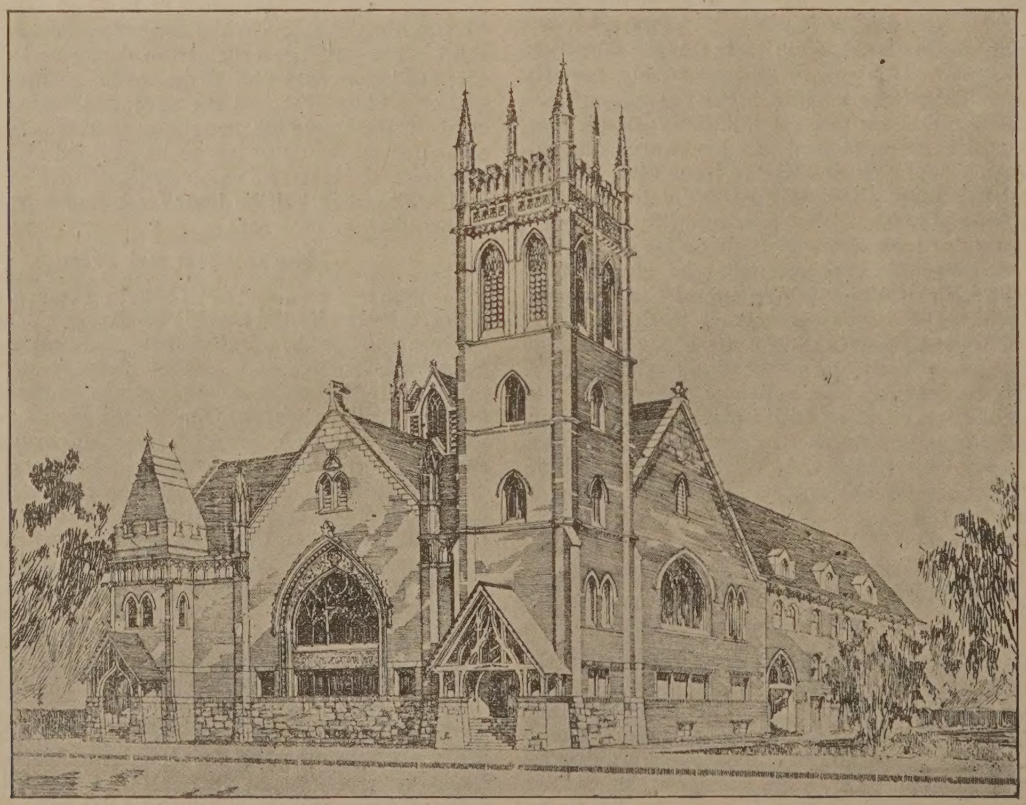
We present herewith a picture of the handsome new building dedicated Sunday, July 19th, by the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, also pictures of the pastor, the Rev. William Horace Day, and the pastor emeritus, the Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day.



W. F. DAY.

The sermon was by the pastor on the text from John xiii:15, to a crowded house of about 1,500 people.

The new building is centrally located on Hope street, near Ninth, and has cost, with furnishings, $102,000. It is of the Gothic style of architecture of the fourteenth century. In the facade is a large window adapted from the west facade of Peterborough Cathedral. The two towers add much beauty to the building, the smaller one being twenty feet square and the larger one 136 feet high and thirty feet square, being a model after the famous tower of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. The two porticos are of English perpendicular gothic, of stone and heavy timber tracery, with tile



floors and marble wainscoting. Rock-faced, Ashlar-coursed stone work, Los Angeles cream pressed brick, stone and sterio-relief ornamentation and window architraves constitute the materials used in the facade. The auditorium, 72x80 feet, with a gallery, will seat nearly 1,400, and is lighted with beautiful ornamental glass windows. The arched ceiling is finished in the center with a dome of opalescent glass, 26x36 feet, which, combined with the windows, blends harmoniously with the golden oak pews, and gives a restful light of many subdued hues.

Separated from the auditorium by a fire-proof wall is the part known as the parish house. The main room with twenty class rooms, will be used by the Sunday School, Christian Endeavor and missionary societies. The ladies have an attractive parlor, and the orchestra class has a parlor and class room. The basement contains a dining-room, 50x62 feet, a small dining-room, kitchen, bicycle hall, toilets, and will contain the boys' gymnasium and club-room.

WM. H. DAY.

The entire building is ventilated by an electric fan, sending fresh air into every part of the rooms.

This is the fourth house of worship built by the First Church of Los Angeles since its organization in 1867, the expanding work in that rapidly growing city making necessary many changes. The membership at present is between 1,100 and 1,200. June 1st it was 1.163. When Dr. Warren F. Day took charge in 1894 the membership was 431. Since that date 1,114 persons have been received into fellowship.

In October, 1900, the Rev. W. H. Day became co-pastor with his father, the Rev. W. F. Day. Last year Dr. Day asked to be made pastor emeritus, and on January 1st of this year the son entered on the present pastorate. These recent years in the First Church of Los Angeles have been blessed, fruitful years, and the church stands today as a great power for good throughout all the Southern part of the State.

Today the Congregationalists of the whole State rejoice with the pastors and members over the achievements of the past and the bright promise for the future. With a beautiful and well adapted house of worship free from debt and an excellent working membership, this church under its present leadership may with good reason look forward to more blessed results in the future even than in the past.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The address of Mrs. S. M. Dodge, Treasurer of the Board, has been changed from 1275 6th Ave., Oakland, to 64 Santa Clara Ave., Oakland.

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Harwood of Los Angeles, is spending a few days in San Francisco and vicinity. He occupied the pulpit of the Second Church of Oakland last Sunday.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Lesson 6. August 9.

David and Goliath. 1 Sam. xvii:38-49.

Endowed with a new sense of life by the anointing at Bethlehem, and the coming of the Spirit of Jehovah upon him, David returned to his occupation as tender of his father's sheep. If we had this life of David's in a novel instead of the Bible the author would undoubtedly have created a few instances illustrating the effect that these two factors wrought upon the shepherd boy. For it is none the less true that one event or idea in a boy's life, if it occur at the right time, alters the whole conception of existence, and puts great possibilities into what had been nothing but ordinary routine, and widens what had been a very narrow circle. Such an event is pictured in that moment when the two fair maidens are said to have appeared to Hercules, and he made his choice of hardship instead of pleasure. Such a moment came to Ben Hur when he saw the Romans destroy his home. Such a time came to Jesus when He visited the temple and learned that henceforth He was to be about His Father's business. Two men sit at the same work; one goes at it as though he only wanted to get through, the other seems to look into the future and see something which is being affected by what he is now doing, and any one can see by the care, and energy, and even the delight he puts into his work that this future something is casting influences upon the present task. How that shepherd's task must have become converted into a glorious training school for—what? David did not know, but for something—something worth the while. Did that have nothing to do with the adventures he narrates about the lion and the bear? Read the narrative carefully and see. Possibly some teacher may become a Samuel to a boy or girl in the class that studies this lesson. Blessed are you if by a word, a prayer, an ideal faithfully applied an anointing takes place, which, blessed by God's spirit, shall make life a great reality to some scholar. We may further learn from this lesson:

1. Opportunity walks beside us that we may sieze her and make her our captive.

Undoubtedly David wanted to visit the army for another purpose than carrying messages and food to his brothers. He would not have been the courageous, ambitious boy we picture him had he not thrilled at the possibility of getting into the ranks even as a water-carrier or a boy to mind the luggage. But opportunity was close beside him, though he was unaware of it. He finds the armies of Israel and the Philistines encamped on the north and south sides of the valley of Elah, and a champion of the Philistines challenging any of the opponents to single combat. As none appeared David determined to step into the breach. He had a sense of preparation for accomplishing what others dared not undertake, that was all; yes, but that was everything! It is the man prepared for the unexpected that seizes the opportunity when it comes and forges ahead to glory. Almost all of those successful men whom we are taught to take as an example owe their success to their ability to take an opportunity where others could only look and wonder how it could be seized. And it is a mistake to think that the unexpected is something miraculous or much out of common. On the other hand it usually lies along the line of the or-

dinary, though somewhat in advance of the ordinary. It was so in David's case. A single champion for a whole army was not so unusual in those days, but one like Goliath was not often met with. Saul was head and shoulders above all his men, but he dared not measure strength with this giant. The opportunity was there to be seized by one who had been accustomed to doing things in a way not looked for by the challenger, and David was that one because he had been faithfully doing what he was called to do while protecting his flock, or occupying his skill with the sling while they were grazing.

2. The force of habit.

The acceptance of the challenge by the youthful champion was a signal for action. Saul and the veterans of the army saw that the only way to be successful in an encounter with a giant, who was armed with helmet, spear and coat of mail, was to be similarly equipped. So to do him honor the king fitted him with the royal armor. That was the king's mode of fighting, and long experience had made it a habit. David on the other hand never had used arms for close encounters, and could do nothing with Saul's weapons. Very wisely he refused to undertake the contest under conditions which would have resulted in defeat. Here is one of the signal causes of failure in life. We see some one accomplishing great things and learn his method of working, and immediately take it for granted we can do the same. An attempt shows us that we meet with disaster. One becomes accustomed to work in his own way until his success follows from the automatic ease with which he works. But this does not mean that we should remain in the rut that habit works if we allow it to dominate us. David became a great warrior in a few years, but we do not read that he clung to his sling and stone. He doubtless began to put on the armor and use the ordinary weapons of the soldier when he left his shepherd life, and a few months made him so familiar with arms that he could do much better than Saul. And this is a very important lesson for us. To become habituated to a certain method until we can utilize it to good effect is very desirable; to let it so dominate us that it shuts off better methods is mischievous. Look out for your habits. A good habit may be a hindrance if it prevents you from acquiring one that is better.

3. Beware of disdaining what seems insignificant (v. 42).

The giant Philistine was not the only one that sneered at some one smaller than himself and found that he had better taken great care of what he had before him. The king of Egypt utterly ignored Moses and bade him never see his face again, but there was danger in that summary dismissal. Once before this we read that the Philistines captured one of the Israelites, put out his eyes, and made the blind man entertain them. But there was danger when the seemingless harmless Samson got a grip on the pillars of the house in which the lords and ladies of the Philistines were assembled. Solomon regarded Jeroboam as very insignificant, and banished him to show how harmless he was, but he split the nation a little after Solomon's death, and took five-sixths of the tribes with him for a new kingdom. The Pharisees hardly thought the man of Nazareth amounted to much. It was enough to crucify him as a malefactor and the world would never hear of him again! But the world seems to have been more shaken by that Son of David than by any other living person. We are fortunately getting past the place when we no longer look at that which seems insignificant. The little things seem to be the most important in these days of the microscope and the man's analytic process of study. The microbe is a very minute thing, but all the doctors of the land are fighting it with all their brains. The cell is a very small part of the body, but more attention is fastened upon them than upon the larger parts. Ideas may seem of very little account, but just look out for that boy who has two or three flying about in his busy brain, he may be a "kid" today, but a few years hence hence he may be leading the ranks of thinkers, or inventors, or statesmen, while you plod along wondering why you never seem to get ahead. Disdain rarely accomplished much. It is the man that learns of what seems most insignificant that is counted the wise man.

4. The vulnerable spot (v.49).

To the boys there is an indefinable delight in this story. There always is a sense of joy in the average boy's mind when the "monster" is overcome, whether it be Polyphemus with his single eye or Goliath with his great statue. But the salient point in the Goliath incident lies in the one vulnerable spot which the stone icked from the stream bed found. So it is well to press the moral of the vulnerable spot in our own make up, and bring it forcefully before the boy, who, full of his own plans and conscious of youthful strength and ambition, faces the world. For remember it is usually the single weakness that wrecks so many. We are not like the wonderful one-horse shay, that went to pieces in all parts at once. We are like those dykes which keep the sea out of Holland. The crawfish attack them, and one finds a weak spot, works his little body into the great dyke, and manages to make one little hole through which the relentless ocean can find a path. Where and what is our weak spot? This very day I heard of a man who was one of our foremost educators a few years ago, today he lives remote from town, and will end his life in a drunkard's grave unless some power of superhuman character gets hold of him. And once again I heard of a former clergyman who has developed a case of kleptomania, and I wonder if that did not begin in taking little things from the pantry, or secreting articles that belonged to the pantry. Try to discover our vulnerable spot, and pray for a divine shield of some kind to protect us lest we fall.

V. The eternal conflict.

This contest has a deep significance which must not be overlooked. The Philistine cursed David by his gods, that is, he was the representative of false deities. David seems to boast of his own abilities (v. 46), but a second reading shows that he champions Israel as God's people, Israel's Jehovah as the true and living God, and makes himself the representative of the Lord of hosts. It was, then, a conflict between paganism and true religion. And the same conflict goes on today. We call it a warfare between right and wrong, or, between the world-powers and Christianity, perhaps by some other name, but it is here. Hosts of Philistines are on one side, infidelity, intemperance, commercial materialism, political rottenness, the social evil,—surely their name is legion! Christ, representing the ideal man, the perfect law of the world, the true relationship of man to God, on the other. And as a more significant fact, each of us represent one side or the other in our lives. Which side? Let this lesson impress us deeply. There is a moral power which will surely result in victory. God's truth will find the vul-

nerable spots in falsehood however gigantic a frame it may be encased in. God's righteousness will overcome though it appear feeble. Let every boy be a David. Face the world as a champion of right, and truth, and let it be a lesson learned well and now, that the young man who boldly takes his stand for God, will receive help from the God he represents, and will win victories over the evil in the world by the power of the Almighty.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

Lessons From Paul: How We May Get His Passion

August 9, 1903.

St. Paul was a man of wonderful gifts of mind and heart. If his body was weak his intellect was imperial, and his heart as tender as a mother's. His energy was boundless, urging him with resistless impetus through those great missionary journeys, and not failing him even when a prisoner at Rome, for we had that although chained to a soldier he continued amid many privations and discouragements "in his own kind house," preaching the kingdom of God and teaching those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ with all confidence. His was an intrepid spirit; daunted at no opposition; discouraged by no difficulties; fearful not even of death, for in the farewell letter to Timothy he says, "I am ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give to me in that day."

* * *

In St. Paul's career the dominant passion was the winning of souls. He was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it was the power of God unto salvation to every one that believed He was "all things to all men that by all means he might save some;" he even went so far as to say, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh." From the moment of his wonderful vision on the Damascus road, when he cried, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" until he died a martyr, he ever indulged the same deep passion—he labored, he suffered, he sacrificed, to save souls. He wrote letters, he made speeches, he took long journeys, he endured great afflictions for the same great end. He saw Jews in the toils of ritualism, rooted to a ceremonialism that was salt without a savor, and he longed to emancipate them. He saw the extra-Jewish world—the Gentile world—sunken in superstition, changing the truth of God into a lie and serving the creature more than the Creator, and he sought to enlighten and cleanse it, and thus to the Jew first and then unto the Gentile he preached the gospel of Christ.

* * *

How may we get this passion for souls? We may obtain it in measure by imitating his spirit. As he was possessed of the mind of Christ, so we must be possessed of his mind. As Christ longed and labored to save souls, so we must long and labor.

First of all we need to be deeply impressed with the value of a soul, that its price is beyond rubies, and that God thought enough of it to send His only and well-begotten Son to die to save it. Lord Champlain, the founder of Quebec, once said that "the saving of a soul is of more importance than the founding of an empire." In our estimate of people's worth we are too prone to consider material elements and neglect the spiritual. How appreciatively our Lord expressed the great idea when he said, "What shall it profit a man if the gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?"

* * *

It will help us togain this holy passion to reflect much on our own need of salvation and on our hopelessness without it. A deep sense of personal gratitude and personal necessity will force into stronger light our brothers' need, and thus increase our desire to save him. It was because Philip had himself found the Messiah that he said to Nathaniel, "Come and see!" If one has a little sense of sin himself, little abhorrence of evil, little love of the good, the true and beautiful in character,he will not have much desire to remedy the one or develop the other in his fellowmen, but let him go through Philip's experience, let him have such a personal consciousness of the hatefulness of sin as Paul had when he said, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the bondage of this death?" and then on the other hand of the blessedness of salvation when he cried, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," and he will be intensely alive to do something for his fellowmen.

* * *

Prayer will increase this passion for souls. In the hour of communion with God on the mount—whether that mount be a closet or a meeting—love will grow. It is a good plan to take individual names with us into our closets, and thus pray for those we would save. The more we pray for others the more we long to save them, and thus the holy passion grows. It becomes easier to labor for souls as we pray for souls, and thus enthusiasm is engendered. The greatest savers of souls have always been mighty men of prayer. Spurgeon, whose book on soul-winning has helped so many, was one of these. So was Luther, Wesley, Finney, Moody, and so have been thousands who like them have learned the glorious blessedness of saving souls from death and hiding multitudes of sins. Prayer prepares the way for approach to men, it makes difficult tasks easy, and who knows how often the Creator of man influences man's will and inclines him to the new life in answer to the prayers of those anxious for his soul. "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Would we have Paul's passion for souls we must pray for it.

* * *

The passion for souls will grow as we cultivate it. Love increases with exercise, and so enthusiasm for winning men to Christ. The more we try to save men the more we want to. The less we try the less we enjoy it. If we do not exercise ourselves in this great cause we by and by lose entirely our capacity. The writer once asked the greatest soul-winner of our generation to write his autograph in a testament, which he did, adding the text, Danl. xii:3, "And they that be wise will shine as the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Notes and Personals.

Rev. Geo. H. DeKay gives an address this week at the Congress of Reforms at Pacific Grove.

The Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson of Etna has accepted a call from the church at Campbell and will enter on the work there the 1st of September.

A church was organized at Oakley, about seven

miles from Antioch, last Sunday. It will be in charge of Rev. Paul S. Bandy, pastor at Antioch.

Rev. M. Burkett, who has been in Missouri for several months, returns to the Coast this week and will supply the pulpit at Reno, Nevada, for a month.

The Los Angeles Herald states that the Rev. Thos. Hendry, formerly pastor of the Park church of that city, is doing effective work as financial agent for the Congregational Union of Los Angeles.

At the ministers' meeting next Monday, Captain Charles E. Sykes, of the Volunteers of America, will give an address on the work of that organization. Captain Sykes is a pleasing speaker, and the work of which he is to speak is one of great interest.

Church News.

California.

Escondido.—Rev. H. B. Wiard of Huron, South Dakota, occupied the pulpit last Sunday.

Santa Ana.—The church has decided to build a parsonage, a two-story structure on ground adjacent to that on which stands the church building.

Long Beach.—The church at a recent meeting decided by a practically unanimous vote not to accept the resignation of the pastor, the Rev. Charles Pease.

Pasadena, North.—This church celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. H. T. Staats on the 19th. The organization was effected on the 18th of December, 1887, and the pulpit was supplied for six months by the Rev. E. Bickford. Mr. Staats took charge in July, 1888. Under his pastorate the church has had a steady growth and has been of great influence for good in the community.

Santa Rosa.—Rev. and Mrs. L. D. Rathbone left on Wednesday for a month's vacation. The time will be spent in the mountains near Guerneville. Mrs. Crist of Redwood City, mother of Mrs. Rathbone, will accompany them. There will be no evening services in the church during the pastor's absence. The pulpit will be filled each Sunday morning by different pastors of our denomination, who have kindly consented to speak to us. All other services will be held as usual.

Washington.

Washtucna.—A parsonage to cost about $700 will be built.

Pomeroy.—This work is in its infancy, having been organized only about four months. However it is growing rapidly and much activity is shown. Our church was bought from the Cumberland Presbyterians and the C. C. B. S. has granted $800 to pay indebtedness and to remodel the building. At our communion on the 12th, five persons were added to the church—four by letter, one on confession and three children baptized.

Pataha.—Our work is progressing very satisfactory. Large audiences continue to attend the church services. The Sunday school is keeping up its usual interest. The people are manifesting a splendid Christian spirit in being willing to share its pastor with Pomeroy, and in its generous moral and financial support of the work. Heretofore the pastor spent all his time with this church, but for the time being he has only one service on Sunday. We regret that Brother James McCause and his excellent family are going to move from our midst, but we hope that our loss will be California's gain.

Oregon.

Portland, Hassalo St.—Owing to the illness of the pastor the pulpit was kindly and very acceptably supplied last Sunday by Rev. R. M. Jones, whose help in the emergency is much appreciated. The church voted to take a vacation during August. This applies only to the Sunday service. The mid-week meeting for prayer and Bible study will be held as usual. The pastor is confined to his house with malarial fever, but is in the care of an excellent physician and kind friends, and hopes in a short time to regain his usual strength.

Oregon Letter

By George H. Himes.

The yearly meeting of the Friends of Oregon (Quakers) was held at Newberg a few days ago. This body of believers is stronger in Oregon than is commonly supposed. The annual report showed that there were 1,669 members—834 males and 825 females—more men than women, contrary to the usual order in religious bodies. There are twenty-seven preachers of this body in Oregon. The spiritual condition of the membership was reported good, but an increase of family worship was strongly recommended. The report on Sabbath schools showed that there were 909 members, with an average attendance of 443. In all lines of Christian activity encouraging progress was noted.

The town of Newberg, beautiful for situation, and charming in every aspect, is the center from which the influence of the Friends radiates in Oregon. A commodious church edifice is found there, capable of seating twelve hundred persons, and the matter of liberal education is promoted through Pacific College, which just closed a highly successful year.

Newberg was established by a colony of Friends, mainly from Indiana, between twenty-five and thirty years ago. Then the surroundings were untoward in every respect, and it was in the midst of a wilderness. Now the whole country roundabout has been transformed, and, indeed, it has been made to "blossom as a rose." The community is a progressive one and thrift, industry, and good citizenship is apparent on every hand.

The Hillsboro Congregational church has extended an unanimous call to Rev. Edward Curran of Forest Grove to become its pastor, and it is expected he will begin his work about the first of September. Mr. Curran recently received a call to the church at Valdez, Alaska, but the rigor of that climate caused him to decline. Mr. Curran went to Forest Grove from Condon about two years ago, and since then has been acting pastor of a group of churches composed of those at Hillside, Patton Valley, Seoggius Valley and Gaston, and the work in all his fields has been stimulated by his effective services.

In common with many other States, Oregon, many years ago, was given a popular name, the "Beaver State," but some foreigner, said to be a Californian, in a fit of spleen, who was passing through the part of the State known as the Willamette Valley, referred to it as "Webfoot," because he encountered an occasional shower. This term, given in opprobrium, is rejected by all well-regulated and loyal Oregonians, as it does not fit the case in any sense. As Dr. Joseph Holt of New Orleans, one of the most prominent physicians in

the South, once said, after living here for three years, "The term is wholly inapplicable, and is used without rhyme or reason. We have one-third more rain in Louisiana, in fact in all of the States of the South, and yet none of our States are called 'Webfoot.'" If there was any change from the term "Beaver State," it should be "Rose State," because nowhere in the Union —does the rose attain greater perfection than right here in Portland, and in Western Oregon in general. This statement is made from the standpoint of experts of wide opportunities for observation.

Everything connected with Lewis and Clark Centennial is progressing most favorably. The site of the Exposition is charming in the extreme, and it is being improved in a way that will heighten its natural beauty very greatly. A gentleman from the East told the writer recently that "the expenditure of millions of dollars at any point east of the Rock Mountains could not do what nature has done for Portland in respect to the site of the Lewis and Clark Exposition." A fitting successor to the late president of the Exposition, Hon. H. W. Corbett, was elected during the week past in the person of H. W. Scott, editor of The Oregonian, and Mr. H. W. Goode, one of our most prominent and progressive business men, has been chosen director-general.

Portland, July 26, 1903.

The Washington Letter

By I. Learned.

Congregational work has had its eras in Dayton, Washington. Its beginnings being found in the preliminary work of Rev. E. W. Allen, or "Father Allen," as he was familiarly called by the townspeople, which met with the hearty co-operation of Superintendent George H. Atkinson and General Missionary Cobleigh in the organization of the Congregational Church and the purchase of the old church building, then known as the "People's Church," of the Universalist Society in 1883. Father Allen's efforts were limited in a great degree by the farm labor, to which it seemed necessary to give much of his time for the support of his family, and the growth of the church was small. He was followed in the pastorate by Rev. E. R. Loomis, now of Olympia, who remained about two years. Then for several years there was a vacancy in the pastorate.

The second era began when the "Yale-Washington Band" came to Eastern Washington and Rev. S. B. L. Penrose was called to Dayton. It was then a church of but six members, each of whom were over sixty years of age, and four were invalids. His first greeting by one of the members upon whom he called was, "I am sorry for you!" The new pastor, however, had come on another errand than merely to find sympathy, and went immediately to put cheer into the hearts and lives of the elderly ones and to rally the young people of the town to his aid in building up religious work and the strengthening of the church in spiritual life, in membership and material betterments.

Upon Mr. Penrose's resignation after two years the church was in such condition that but little difficulty was encountered in securing efficient men as successors in the pastorate. These were Rev. F. B. Doane, for two years, followed by Rev. Maurice B. Morris, who was succeeded by the present pastor, Rev. John D. Jones, who had previously served the churches at Ritzville and at Medical Lake. It has been during these very successful years of Mr. Jones' ministry that this church has entered upon its third era and most encouraging development, for within the past ten months the old property has been disposed of, a new location purchased at cost of $900, and one of the best and most conveniently arranged churches we have in the State erected and furnished at the additional cost of $7,178.18. The main auditorium with its related rooms will accommodate over three hundred and fifty persons, while below in a high basement there are good accommodations for a Sunday School of two hundred, with social rooms and a kitchen. Most beautiful and artistic windows are placed in each of three sides of the church, one of which was given by Mrs. K. C. Eckler and daughters in memory of husband and father. The large front window is emblematical of the spirit rays shed upon the pages of the open Bible, while beneath are the names of the several pastors of the church in the order of their succession. The third window was given by the local Endeavor Society, and is typically illustrative of the work of and for the young people.

In the tower of the church rang out the sweet notes of that splendid bell given twenty years ago by Rev. Cushing Eells, and in memory of his work in all that region its tones seemed more jubilant because of these enlarging successes.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
Dayton, Wash.

The opening service of worship and dedication was on July 19th, in the new house, first at 10 o'clock by the Sunday school, but while the children were present in goodly numbers with the superintendent and six other ladies as teachers, there was a most noticeable and unfortunate absence of the parents and their boys, and one of the most desirable opportunities for uplifting and invigorating the Sunday school as the grandest of all the departments of church work was lost sight of. The service of more public worship was held at 11 and every available seat was occupied. The sermon was preached by President Penrose of Whitman College, from Rev. iii:7, 8.

The afternoon service was of an inter-denominational character and addresses were made by each of the pastors of four neighboring churches. A very happy expression of fellowship. In the evening ad-

dresses were made by Rev. Austin Rice of Walla Walla, and Superintendent W. W. Scudder, Jr. The more formal act of dedication followed, closing with the prayer of dedication, in which the church and congregation were led by Rev. Samuel Greene, superintendent C. S. S. and P. S. Thus closed one of the most delightful occasions in the history of this church or in those of the whole State. Pastor Jones has done a grand work in the solicitation of funds and in forwarding the enterprise in every way and through it all has had the heartiest co-operation of his building committee.

The State Association will meet with this church in September. The program is well under way by the committee.

Registrar James spends August at his old home in Vermont, but expects to be back with his church in North Yakima by September 1st.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Temple are spending several weeks with their daughter in Dawson, N. W. T., and while absent Plymouth pulpit will be supplied by Rev. C. A. Vincent, D.D., of Galesburg, Ill., for four weeks and later by Rev. S. M. Freeland until the pastor's return.

A Congregational church of twelve or more members has been gathered at Index, Snohomish county. It has grown out of one of our Sunday schools of about seven years of age and is to be composed of persons heretofore affiliated with six different denominations.

Preparatory steps are being taken to gather another church in Whatcom county, in a neighborhood about midway between the city of Whatcom and Ferndale. Rev. W. M. Morse has the new enterprise in hand.

Rev. J. C. George is the new pastor of the churches at Tonchet, Whitman and Bethel, in Walla Walla county.

Rev. George Kindred of West Seattle will spend a few months at Lakeside and Chelan with that church to assist them in the completion of their church building.

The following churches are yet vacant, for which pastors are greatly desired: Quillayute, Silverton, White Salmon, Whatcom, Lakeside, Farmington, Bossburg, Chewelah, St. John, Endicott, Cathlamet and Mullan, and Westlake, Idaho.

Supt. Scudder would be glad to correspond with ministers who desire to come to this Coast, and take such promising fields as these offer. There is an opportunity in every one and a living support in each.

Seattle, July 24th.

THE DANGER OF WEALTH IN THE HANDS OF THE FEW.

Hon. Chauncey Depew says: "There are fifty men in New York City who can stop every wheel on all the railroads, close every door of all our manufactories, lock every switch on every telegraph line, and shut down every coal and iron mine in the United States. They can do this because they control the money which this country produces. The control of the money clothes its possessor with absolute power over a nation's industries."

God designed wealth to be a blessing, but the perverted and covetous mind often makes it a curse. In Deuteronomy it is said God gave men power to get wealth. A full national exchequer is essential to material public comfort. Gold stored in mountains and seas, possibility of wealth in fertile plains, in air and sky, in sunshine and showers, in salubrious climates, contributing to health and happiness, are God's tokens favoring the material prosperity of man. The strength of the individual is found not in abstaining from the partaking of things hurtful by their perverted use, but in the maintaining of a complete mastery over them; not in their total abandonment, but in the husbanding of these forces and directing them in channels conserving the highest ends of material comfort and moral good.

The piece of ground purchased and must be seen serving as an excuse for declining the invitation to the great supper, indicates the insurmountable obstacles that lie in the way of social, moral and religious advancement by the unwarranted and unscriptural confidence placed in material prosperity in this age. "When riches increase set not thy heart upon them."

This is an age of heartless greed; the growth of wealth, the life of luxury, sinful, wasteful and wanton, is only matched by a grinding, deadening poverty, obtaining among millions of earth's poor.

The last century opened with few, if any, millionaires, but closes with the possibilities of billionaires.

Within the lifetime of many this country did not have half a dozen millionaires. Today there are many rich men whose annual income is over a million. The concentration of wealth in the hands of a few when its true import is known alarms and unnerves the true statesman, giving more cause for anxiety for the welfare of the country than war itself. It stirs bad blood between peoples held to each other by mutual bonds which cannot be broken without undermining the free institutions of the country. It lays the foundation for the throttling of commerce, the paralyzing of industry, the sowing of seeds of anarchy to reap political and social revolution, ultimately repeating the history of Rome and Greece. Labor as an organization has come to a sense of its power, but as yet has not found its judgment. Its demands are often as seriously ridiculous and unreasonable as capital has been in its oppressive measures. Nothing but the principles of the gospel of the Son of God permeating society and becoming the controlling source of all actions in quest of duty will furnish the solution for our difficulties growing out of our modern industrialism.

The spirit of Christ is found in the tolerant, patient and forbearing spirit seeking the adjustment of differences between capital and labor by arbitration and the brotherhood of the race in the light of the socialistic teachings of Jesus Christ, is recognized by the increase of wages by many of the great employers and the co-operative system governing supply and demand in many sections of the country is evidence of the heart-changing truths of the gospel transforming so-

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.

Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either.

In heaven, either, I say. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell for the great devil himself.

Our Boys and Girls.

Sunrise.

By B. F. M. Sours.

Across the hills the glory thrills—
O crystal streams of light!
The clouds are red, the night is fled,
They flame with glory bright.

But see! o'er woodlands stretching far,
Day's victory is won!
Defeated is the silver star,
Before the joyous sun.

So be it in that heart of thine,
My brother weeping sore;
The Sun of Righteousness will rise,
And all the night be o'er.

The birds will thrill when all thy will
Surrenders to the light;
The morn will rise in golden skies
In floods of glory bright.

O morning, glow in overflow
Across the fields and rills,
Till heaven above, in beams of love,
The world with glory thrills.

The Mission to the Streets.

When Margaret Andrews was twenty-five she received what she thought was a call to the foreign mission field. Her parents, although at first they tried to dissuade her, put no obstacle in the way of her hopes, and, full of eagerness, she began her training at a school in another city.

One day she received a telegram. Her mother had met with an accident, just how serious could not at once be known. Margaret packed her books and took the first train home, expecting to return in a few weeks. Long before the weeks had passed she knew that her dream must be given up. Her mother would never be able to do anything again, and Margaret, instead of making her journey to strange lands, saw herself shut in to the duties of housekeeper and nurse.

For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said slowly, "You are living in a city of two hundred thousand people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered, quickly, "and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission class, and to see so much work waiting, and be able to do nothing—"

"Margaret," the old minister said, "come here."

Wonderingly the girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

"All up and down the streets," the old minister said, "in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church cannot reach them—they will not enter a church. Books cannot help them—many of them never open a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the faces of men and women.

"Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and asked your name. 'I wanted to tell her,' she said, 'how much good her happy face did me, but I was afraid that she would think it presuming on the part of an utter stranger. Some day perhaps you will tell her for me.'

"Margaret, my child, look in the glass and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy—and they are more than any of us realize—who, unknown to themselves, are hungering for righteousness. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?"

The girl gave one glance and then turned away, her cheeks crimson with shame. It was hard to answer, but she was no coward. She looked up into her old friend's grave eyes.

"Thank you," she said, "I will try to learn my lesson and accept my mission—to the streets."

As Cross as a Bear.

"You're as cross as a bear," said Bess to Billy.

Uncle Jim whistled. "Bears aren't cross to members of their own family," he said. "Now, I knew a bear once—"

Bess and Billy both ran to him and climbed up on his lap.

"Did you really ever know a bear?" cried Billy, with wide-open eyes.

"Well, not intimately," said Uncle Jim, "but I used to go hunting them when I was up in Canada, and one day I was out with a hunting party, and we saw straight in front of us—what do you suppose?"

"A real bear!" gasped the children, in concert.

"Yes, a real mother bear and her little son. The dogs started after them, and the mother bear began to run, but the little baby son couldn't run as fast as she did, and the dogs were gaining on him, so what do you suppose the mother bear did? Leave her little son behind? No, sir-ee-ee! She picked the baby bear up on her stout nose and tossed him ahead; then she ran fast and caught up to him and gave him another boost that sent him flying through the air. She kept this up for a mile and a half. Then she was too tired to go any farther, and the dogs surrounded her. Then she set upon her haunches, took her baby in her hind paws, and fought the dogs off with her fore-paws. And how she did roar!"

Bess shuddered.

"You could hear her miles away. She never forgot her baby; kept guarding him all the time. When the mother was shot, the baby cub jumped on her dead body and tried to fight off the dogs with his little baby paws. That's the way the bears stand by each other. Sometimes I think they love each other better than brothers and sisters. Hey, Bess, what are you crying about? I guess I won't tell you any more bear stories if that is the way it makes you feel."

"Billy," sobbed Bess, "you're as good—as good as a bear!"

Then they all laughed together and forgot what they had been cross about.—New York Tribune.

"Gib Me Porterhouse Steak."

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a younger one, had the shop. The young one took off his apron and started for the door.

"Yo's gwine to get a drink?" asked the elder.

"Dat's what I'se gwine to do."

"Go and get yo' drink. I used to do de same thing when I was young. When I wuz fus married dah wuz a gin-mill next ti de shop wha' I wucked, an' I spent in it fifty an' sebenty cents a day outen de dollah an' half I eahned. Well, one mawnin', I went into de butchah shop, an' who shood come in but de man what kep' de likker shop.

" 'Gib me ten er twelve pounds po'terhouse steak,' he said. He got it an' went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had left.

" 'What do you want?' said the butchah. 'Gib me ten cents wuf o' libber,' wuz my remark.

"It wuz all I could pay fur. Now, you go and git your drink. You'll eat libber, but de man what sells you de stuff will hab his po'terhouse steak—de man behin' de ba' eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber.

"I ain't touched de stuff fo' thirty years, an' I am eatin' po'terhouse myself."—Foxboro Reporter.

Dandy.

Dandy is a little black dog. He always wears a white shirt front and four white slippers. He has a tiny tuft of white on the tip of his silky black tail.

Dandy is very fond of sweet things Best of all he likes doughnuts—little, round, sugary doughnuts.

Miss Bessie doesn't think doughnuts are good for little dogs to eat. And Dandy knows quite well what she thinks about it

Dora didn't know about it. One day Dandy came into the kitchen to visit her. She just rolling some freshly fried doughnuts in powdered sugar. How good they smelled! How good they looked!

Dandy watched every move of Dora's arms. His big, brown eyes were so wistful, Dora picked out one of the roundest and sweetest ones and gave it to him.

Dandy looked it all over. He sniffed at it daintily. He poked it with his paw. He looked up at Dora, as if he wanted to say something.

Then he picked up the doughnut, and, carrying it in his mouth, trotted soberly away up the path which led to the front door.

Straight into the pretty sitting-room went Dandy. Miss Bessie was reading. Dandy dropped the doughnut at her feet, gave a quick little bark and waited, looking up into her face.

Why, Dandy," said Miss Bessie, "where did you get that?"

A minute later Dora came in. She told Miss Bessie all about it.

Miss Bessie laughed. "You've earned your doughnut this time, Dandy," she said, as she tossed it to him.

Dandy wagged his tail and ate the doughnut—even to the last sugary crumb. Then he ran out to find Tabby, the old cat, and tell her all about it.—Exchange.

With a Moral.

A policeman not far from New York City recently took possession of an automobile, the owners of which he intended to arrest for overspeeding their machine on the public highway. He got into the carriage, and thinking he knew considerable about automobiles, was tempted to take a little ride in it. So he pulled the lever, and away it flew. It kept going faster and faster. Becoming alarmed, he sought to stop it, but was unable to do it; he either did not know as much about automobiles as he had thought he did, or else he lost his head in the excitement. In the meantime he was going at a fearful pace. The trees and fences shot by until he was dizzy. No harm came until the road made a quick turn, so into the fence and forest he went with more force than grace. The automobile was destroyed and the policeman badly injured. There are two or three morals suggested by this, but the one which impresses me most is the emphasis it puts on the important caution that it is well not to start a thing which you cannot stop. Many a man or woman who reads this will be able to apply the sermon to habits which they have started going, and would give a great deal to be able to stop.—St. Louis Advocate.

Eight Lessons from the Bee.

1. The bee teaches us to be industrious. No bee ever shirks his work.

2. He teaches us to be loyal and obedient. Bees obey and love the queen who rules them.

3. They teach us to be fond of our homes. No bee leaves his home except for a time, if he can help it.

4. They teach us to be clean. Nothing can be cleaner than the home of the bee.

5. They show sympathy or kind fellow-feeling for others in distress, and will never leave a friend in trouble without trying to help him.

6. They are early risers.

7. They delight in fresh air.

8. They are very peaceful, and seldom quarrel or fight among themselves.—Exchange.

Her Fingers Came in too Late.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed nothing so much as a clever retort, even if it happened to be at his own expense. One day, at an entertainment, he was seated near the refreshment table, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. With his invariable fondness for children, he said kindly:

"Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smilingly.

The little girl looked up at him and replied, to his delight:

"Not my fingers."—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

The Field of Prayer.

It was an apostolic decision made at a time when the growth of the work demanded more workers and new plans. Others were appointed to attend to the new needs, the apostles gave themselves up more definitely and fully to the ministry of prayer and preaching. There is a ministry of prayer as well as a ministry of preaching, and however much there may seem to be an over-supply for the ministry of preaching there never has been an over-supply of men and women who have given themselves to the ministry of prayer. Here is an open door for God's children, an open door to great usefulness in the church and in the world. The field that may be occupied by prayer workers is practically limitless. It is a far larger field than can be occupied by any preacher. Any child of God can enter it, while those longest in it can always reach out to a larger usefulness in occupying it. To help to a richer prayer life, and to a deeper sense of its many privileges and responsibilities is the purpose of this selection of thoughts on prayer.—C. A. Cook.

Produces strength for Work

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE perfects digestion, calms and strengthens the nerves, induces restful sleep and builds up the general health. A wholesome tonic.

For the Lawyers.

In the incident related below, a boy twelve years old conquered a smart and shrewd lawyer fighting for a bad cause.

Walter was the important witness, and one of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been talking to you, and telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me that the lawyers would try and tangle me, but if I would just be careful and tell the truth, I could tell the same thing every time."

The lawyer didn't try to tangle up that boy any more.—Mrs. Ploughman.

Flossie's Umbrella.

The other day a big stray dog followed Flossie home from Sunday-school. He was a handsome dog, with a nice collar on—somebody's pet. But he had lost his way, for he was young and did not know how to get back home.

Flossie asked her mother if she might give him something to eat. How the dog did eat up the scraps of meat she gave him! Then he licked Flossie's hand, as much as to say: "Thank you, little girl!"

Flossie's father looked at the dog's collar and read the name of his master and sent him safely home.

Flossie did not see him again for a long while. One day Flossie was going to Aunt Margaret's to spend the day. It looked a little cloudy and mother gave her an umbrella. Flossie had gone more than half way when suddenly the rain came and Flossie opened the umbrella. But, s-w-o-o-p! the wind caught it out of her hand and carried it far down the street.

Flossie started to run after it, but it kept on tumbling and tossing ahead of her. It began to rain harder and Flossie began to cry. Then, all at once, something big and black dashed by her and ran after the umbrella faster than the wind could go. What do you think it was? It was Flossie's friend, the stray dog. Before she could cry any more he had caught the runaway umbrella and was holding it by the handle. How he did wag his tail, as if to say: "Here it is, little girl. One good turn deserves another. You brought me back to my master and now I have caught your umbrella for you."—Mary Whiting Adams, in Sunbeam.

"The square peg in the round hole" figuratively expresses the use of means unsuited to the desired end. A great many people who have been cured of dyspepsia and other diseases of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery say: "We tried many medicines with only temporary benefit. It was not until we began the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' that we found a complete and lasting cure."

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"It is with pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets' have done for me," writes Mrs. T. M. Palmer, of Peede, Kaufman Co., Texas. "Two years ago I was taken with stomach and bowel trouble. Everything I ate would put me in distress. I lived two weeks on milk and even that gave me pain. I felt as though I would starve to death. Three doctors attended me—one said I had dyspepsia, two said catarrh of the stomach and bowels. They attended me (one at a time) for one year. I stopped taking their medicine and tried other patent medicine; got no better, and I grew so weak and nervous my heart would flutter. I could not do any kind of work. Now I can do my house work very well; *am gaining in flesh and strength*, and can eat anything I want."

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I Wouldn't Be Cross.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

I wouldn't be cross, dear; it's never worth while;
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile;
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home;
They love you so fondly whatever may come,
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand,
Oh, loyally true in a brotherly band!
So, since the fine gold exceedeth the dross,
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, ah, no!
To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe
This kindness to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint stones and plant the soft grass.
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent—I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace: by a fret and a jar
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,
I wouldn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross.

—Little Knights and Ladies.

Says Archbishop Keane of Dubuque: "I have been told, and I was ashamed to hear it, that the liquor traffic controls the city government of Dubuque. If I thought the people of Dubuque were in sympathy with the saloons in their damnable business of destroying men's souls I would send in my resignation to Rome immediately, and would leave Dubuque double quick."

There are martyrs now, who live out their quiet years, die in their beds, wear everyday clothes, enjoy homely worship, yet lay their lives at their heavenly Master's feet as fully and as acceptably as either Ignatius or Ridley. It is the habit of making sacrifices in small things that enable us to make them in great, when it is asked of us.—Bishop Thorold.

Beware of making your mortal staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain from all that is sinful or harmful or hurtful; but making a business of it leads to emaciation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritous diet of active, sympathetic benevolence.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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See that your thoughts are pure and your deeds noble. Use the experiences of life, whether they be of joy or sorrow, as steps in an upward climb. There is only one thing you can carry into eternity—your character. See that it is what it should be, and the jasper gates will gladly swing open to give you a welcome.—Great Thoughts.

Beware of the man who does not become gentler as he goes toward strength, kinder and tenderer as he approaches power. For he who is intoxicated with his own success is essentially a weak man—has five talents but not ten—and belongs not with those sons of strength whose gianthood is their simplicity, whose crown is humility, whose sweet reasonableness is the pledge of their genius. —N. D. Hillis, D.D.

The avalanche that has slid a mile does not stop for trifles. And the soul of any man who has gathered momentum by years of consistent living shall not stop at a trifle like dying.—Thomas K. Beecher.

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Principles.

It is not strength of brain that saves a man, or orthodoxy of creed, or connection with a church. All these have often proved to be but ropes of sand. They are not proof against the tides of temptation. There must be firm, heaven-implanted principle—for no one is safe in business, or in politics, or in social life, or anywhere, when conscience is unloosened from God. The parting of the cable may be unseen for a while, it may even be unsuspected; but it is a mere question of time how soon the backslider may strike the rocks. Jesus Christ never insures anyone who unites with His Church, and yet has no "anchor sure and steadfast which entereth within the vail," and "binds fast to Christ Himself." And if you ever reach heaven, my brother, you will come in as I have often seen vessels come into yonder harbor of New York, with the storm-tide anchor swinging proudly at the prow. "There are ships," said the eloquent Melvill, "that never go down in life's tempests. They shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sea and sky, and when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, they shall be found on tranquil and crystal waters, resting beautifully upon their shadows." These are they who have been piloted by the Holy Spirit; these are faithful ones, whose inner soul was anchored to Jesus Christ.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

The Holy Spirit commonly guides the people of God by means of instrumentalities. These instrumentalities are very numerous, if we could mention them in detail, but they may all, or nearly all, be classified under one of four heads, namely: The Holy Bible, the preached word, outward providences, and a sanctified judgment.

Not content with tempting men to excess in lawful and natural appetites, Satan seems to have invented, by his diabolical ingenuity, a great number of perverted and sinful appetites, such as the love of tobacco, alcohol, opium, chloral and Indian hemp.

Surely as night follows day sickness follows the eating of unripe fruit or stale vegetables. Every housekeeper should keep Perry Davis' Painkiller in the house in summer. It gives instant relief and speedy cure.

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